Dracula Teeth

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Dracula Teeth

by chaoswashere_X

Summary

Will, a devoted vampire hunter, comes to the confessional expecting to be forgiven of his sins, but instead, he meets a particularly peculiar priest.

He knows this priest's voice, but it can't be him. It can't be the vampire he sinned with.

Kinktober Day 5: Heartbeat

Notes

PLEASE HEED THE TAGS! THIS FIC DOES NOT HAVE A HAPPY ENDING, AND ONE OF OUR TWO MAJOR CHARACTERS DOES DIE!

Quick disclaimer with the Kinktober prompt associated with this fic: The "heartbeat" prompt doesn't really come in until the very end when one of our main characters is dying. So, it's not really a kink, sorry for the misuse of the prompt! 😭

But if you're here for the vampire priest x vampire hunter disciple trope, then you're in for a treat!!

Title from: "Dracula Teeth" - The Last Shadow Puppets

See the end of the work for more notes

“Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.” The practiced phrase comes out strongly on Will’s lips. He’s ready to confess his sins, but he’s dreading that the phrase is making a presence in his life increasingly often lately. He shouldn’t be slipping this often, especially not in the ways he has been. At least he’s confessing now. At least he’s asking for forgiveness.

The vampire hunter doesn’t wait for a response from the Father sitting quietly on the other side. He just continues with, “I’ve had sexual relations with my enemy. I ask for your forgiveness and strength to overcome my lustful actions.”

This must be the new priest to the church, the one who Will’s only heard rumor of, because the voice is not one of the current Reverends when he speaks. “Love thy neighbor, son. Whom is this ‘enemy’ you confess to committing sin with?”

“A uhm-“ Will takes a shuddering breath, “A vampire. Father, I think he must’ve seduced me — used my lustful weaknesses to take advantage.”

“What kind of advantage?” The priest asks through the confessional wall, his accent hanging on Will’s ears. He’s heard it before, he’s sure. “What is it that you have done with this man?”

“This is hardly appropriate, Father.” Will growls. None of the other priests of this church have ever asked for details!

“If you wish for your endless cycle of lust and sin to end, then you must be transparent in the face of God.” The priest purrs, and Will swears that goddamn voice is so familiar. “Tell me.”

The way syllables roll off this Priest’s tongue makes Will’s brain jump to conclusions. He’s heard this voice before… he thinks about it often when he’s alone. But no, he must be mistaken. This is a priest! Vampires cannot be priests.

After a pause that is much too long, Will speaks his answer to the original question, his voice wavering. “It was mutual release—sodomy, to be truly transparent. I let him dominate me, let him take what he wanted. And I really enjoyed it, I called out his name while he took me. He satisfied me more than any others have.”

“So, are your desires sedated now?” The priest asks, his personal curiosity obviously influencing his questions now.

“No, far from. I keep thinking of him.” Will admits on a humorless chuckle. “I’m constantly torn between wanting to find him and drive a stake through his heart, and begging him to stick his fucking dick up my ass again.”

“Both muder and sex are sins.” The priest consults, his voice steady and nearly seductive when he continues, “So, you must pick your poison. Which will it be?”

Will blinks at that. Is this priest encouraging him to go murder this vampire… to go sleep with him?!?

“You are the worst priest I’ve ever met.” Will laughs mainly to himself. He stands and storms out of the confessional, making a beeline down the rows of pews towards the front door.

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Will tries his very best not to think about the strange priest while he makes a simple dinner. It’s getting late, and he’d forgotten to eat at an appropriate time. So, he congers up a light meal before heading up to his bedroom with it.

He eats at his small desk, writing to pass the time once he finishes. The wind outside his open window acts as white noise when he lays down for bed, stripping to all but a plain white sleep shirt, and stuffy blue boxers.

His body succumbs to sleep quickly, exhausted from the long day of troubling thoughts. But they follow him into his dreams. They’re plagued with images of inhumanly sharp teeth, strong, defined muscles, and pale skin. The vampire’s body feels cold, but he’s sweating. In his dreams, Will remembers his name, calling out a soft “Hannibal” as the image of the enchanting monster bites at his neck.

He wakes with a start, startled and panting through a cold sweat. To his horror, he’s achingly hard, and his body is set on edge, goosebumps adorn his arms and the hairs on his neck stand at attention. Hackles raised in the human sense.

He’s being watched. He knows he is.

He shucks off the thin sheet, stumbling to his feet as he searches around the room for the presence he knows is there. Then, he sees that the bathroom door is cracked, nearly closed. That’s unusual, because Will always leaves it wide-open.

The hunter crouches near his bed and reaches for his vampire killing kit, he gets it out from under the mattress, and nearly has the latches undone. But then, he’s being grabbed by cold flesh, an ungodly strength attached to the force holding him. He loses grip of the case.

“Hannibal.” Will hisses, fighting back against the monster that holds him hostage. His struggle is useless, and he can’t help the small thrill that courses through his body. He stops fighting to stand scarily still... maybe Hannibal just wants a fight? Will’s not going to give it to him. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to help you pick your poison. Murder or sex, Will?” Hannibal purrs in his ear, and the young man can’t help but chuckle when he speaks with a certain flavor of venom in his voice.

“Father.”

“Surprised?” Hannibal asks, clearly amused. His pressure shifts, and suddenly Will finds himself falling towards the bed. He lands with a heavy thud, and he barely has time to flip himself over before Hannibal is pinning him into the mattress face to face.

“Not even slightly.” Will bites back, looking the monster in the face. He can’t help the way his thighs spread to welcome the much older being into his space. Hannibal takes the space greedily, pressing his body against Will’s.

“So, you knew it was me on the other side of the confessional, and you still spoke about how much you were satisfied— how much you long for me?” Hannibal smirks, shifting his grip to hold both of Will’s wrists in a single hand.

“I knew subconsciously.” Will admits, “And I think you’re right… There’s two options for me. Either I sin through lust, or through murder. And only one of those will make me stop wanting you.”

“I think both are in your nature, Will. God cannot help that you are as much a monster as I.” Hannibal’s free hand traces down Will’s body, raising more goosebumps to accompany the currently present ones. He doesn’t stop even when Will’s body instinctually keens when he reaches his naval.

Will gasps when he feels Hannibal’s cold hand take him in a tight grip, stroking slowly with rough, dry friction.

God, he wants this. He wants the way this makes him feel so bad… and so good. His faith and his views on vampires are telling him to stop, but his body is telling him to never fucking quit.

Hannibal kisses his neck and Will panics. He fights against Hannibal’s hold on his arms, the instinct to protect himself from this vampire’s bite greater than his instinct to give in and acquire his sexual release that he craves.

“I do not view you as prey, Will.” Hannibal explains, still holding on tight. He keeps his teeth away from Will’s throat, but the young man isn’t comforted, even by Hannibal’s assurance that he won’t drink from him.

“I’m human— you’re a vampire. What else is there to view me as?” Will groans, fight draining out of him as his own precome aids Hannibal’s slow strokes over his dick.

“My equal.” Hannibal purrs before he takes Will’s lips in his own. They’re blisteringly hot against his cold ones, just like how Will’s dick is practically burning his hand with how warm it is.

He remembers the heat of being inside Will.

Hannibal releases Will’s wrists, sensing the fear draining from him as they kiss. Will doesn’t push Hannibal off, instead, he threads his fingers through the monster’s silky hair. This encourages the kiss to deepen, and soon, Will is exploring Hannibal’s mouth. He nearly cuts his tongue on those sharp, deadly canines that he can’t stop fantasizing about.

Will dominates the kiss for only a few minutes before a groan is torn from his lips, giving Hannibal just enough time to reposition so he’s controlling their pace and their movements.

Will nearly protests when he realizes that Hannibal has stopped touching him. But then, he hears the distinct sound of a belt buckle being undone.

Hannibal holds his belt in one hand, and gathers Will's wrists into his other hand. He wraps the belt around Will's bedpost before bringing the man's wrists up to sit in the loop that was created. Hannibal doesn't wait for any protest, and tightens the thick leather belt—made into restraints—around Will's wrists until they can no longer move. Will gives a tug, and he watches Hannibal's pleased smirk when the belt holds strong. The leather is biting into the sides of his wrists, but he finds he doesn't mind it in the slightest.

Hannibal admires his work for only a moment, taking the time to strip himself as Will watches. That goddamn cold, muscular body had been haunting Will's dreams, and he wishes he could touch it. Hannibal's cold hands find their way to pull at Will's boxers, dragging them down to his ankles. It's not nearly as great a restraint as the leather around his wrists, but it still makes him feel trapped.

Hannibal joins him on the bed again, and this time, he takes Will into his mouth. This is something they haven't done, and Will is terrified. It feels amazing, but this monster with fangs has his most delicate organ in his mouth currently.

Will closes his eyes and tries to distract himself from the fact that Hannibal could bite his dick off at any moment. His mouth is cold, and Will shivers when the monster swallows around his bulbous tip. Hannibal is careful with his fangs, opening his mouth wider than he normally would to ensure Will's comfort and safety. He doesn't wish to make this beautiful man bleed.

Will's soft sighs of pleasure turn to pleads and moans in less than a minute, and Hannibal can't help but feel smug. But he doesn't pull off until he hears a call of, "Please, Father."

Hannibal readjusts so he's looming over Will, sitting on his thighs as the young man squirms. He can tell that it's not an effort to get away. It's quite the opposite, really.

"What is it you need?" Hannibal asks, reaching over to discreetly grab the lubricant he'd taken out of his pants earlier. When the younger man hesitates like he had in the confessional, Hannibal responds in the same way. "Tell me, Will."

"Fuck me." Will nearly growls, his gaze into Hannibal's eyes intense and overwhelming for the both of them. They both know how wrong this is, but neither of them can help themselves.

Hannibal adjusts them so he can slot between Will's spread thighs. It's just slightly difficult with the cloth holding Will's ankles together. Hannibal coats his fingers and leans over so they're face to face when he enters the younger man with one finger. Will's breaths leave him suddenly, the cold shocking his system. He hadn't forgotten how cold Hannibal was, but at least the friction of their bodies last time allowed Hannibal's dick to not feel so frigid.

He can't wait for the friction that comes with sex. Because now, with Hannibal slowly stretching him, it's freezing.

“H-hurry.” Will pleads, his ankles coming up together to try to push Hannibal’s hips towards his own. The much stronger monster doesn’t allow for such a thing, pushing against the force with an equal one to keep his position.

“All good things come with patience.” Hannibal scolds, adding another finger to prove his point. It slides in nicely, and Will thinks that Hannibal might be right. But that doesn’t stop him from trying to pull Hannibal’s hips to meet his own.

Hannibal inserts a third finger, and Will feels some pain this time. It’s nothing unbearable, but he’s glad Hannibal has been able to restrain himself despite his own foolish, dangerous eagerness to get this vampire’s dick back inside him.

Hannibal flexes his fingers apart and Will cries out, not just from the pain of stretching, but from the pleasure of feeling so full. The feeling is gone though, when Hannibal pulls his fingers out.

Will almost thinks to protest, but then he realizes that Hannibal is searching in the sheets for the lube. He finds it quickly, and tries his best to be through when he spreads it over his large cock. Will sighs, the knot in his stomach tightening again in anticipation.

Hannibal is gentle when he guides his tip to penetrate Will, but less so when he starts to shove the rest of himself into Will’s body. The man gasps, the cold length much larger than the fingers that had been penetrating him. The stretching of his inner walls is painful and he gasps before he groans, “What happened to patience?”

Hannibal chuckles, but he doesn’t stop, now buried fully inside Will until his hilt. He pulls out at the same pace he had forced himself in, and it has Will fighting against his makeshift restraints. It must be painful, but he hasn’t told Hannibal to stop… hasn’t even told him to slow down.

Both of them groan as he picks up the pace, the friction of Will’s walls heating up Hannibal’s dick as it rubs against them. Will gasps when Hannibal slams in, his body inching up the mattress with the force of it. It terrifies and excites him at the same time. With Hannibal’s capable, inhuman strength, Will wouldn’t be surprised if he was split in half by his thrusts.

His cock is leaking against his stomach, and he knows that he’s going to come prematurely. Hannibal doesn’t help his case when he speeds up his powerful hips, angling them upwards so he can smack against Will’s prostate.

“Oh, God.” Will cries, tipping his head back as the fog of an oncoming orgasm takes over his mind. Hannibal chuckles, and though it’s through heavy pants, Will can make out his teasing words. “God can’t help you now.”

Will shoots his load listening to the terrifying words. He knows that the idea that even his God can’t save him from this inevitable transgression shouldn’t excite him like it does. But he can’t really think to worry about it when he’s coming all over his stomach, and this fucking vampire priest’s stomach. He just knows that this feels fucking amazing, and that he doesn’t want Hannibal to ever stop.

Hannibal doesn't falter, even when he feels the warm release splatter onto his stomach. He just lowers himself down to his elbows so he can take Will's hot lips into his own. This smears the warmth between them, and Hannibal can't help but hum in satisfaction. He wants to make Will come at least once more before they're done, and given that the younger man is still hard between their bodies, that goal seems possible.

He makes sure to stay consistent with his angle, and after a few minutes, he fears that he might fail with his quest. But just when he thinks that he's going to come, Will cries out in that heavenly voice, another gush of semen is ejected from the young man. His walls constrict around Hannibal, and the vampire can't help that it tears his control from between his fingers. He thrusts a few more times, and his orgasm pulses through him in a sudden wave.

He pants into the younger man's mouth as they kiss, coming down slowly from cloud nine together. Though, they'd much rather stay up there far, far away from this mess.

Hannibal pulls out, and his cold release leaks out of Will and onto the sheets. He sighs when he reaches to untie Will from the bed. All good things must come to an end, and it seems they've met theirs yet again.

He pulls on his boxers quietly, but there's an itch at the back of his throat. He can't help himself when he says. "I can write you a referral. There's a nice church about four miles from-"

"Hannibal." Will calls his attention, "We both know this isn't sustainable, but let's think about it all later." He pats the area of the bed next to where he's laying. An invitation.

Hannibal nods his head and drops his clothes on the floor, deciding it's rude to leave Will if he's actively asking him to stay. He crawls into the bed, warm from where Will had been laying. The young man cuddles up to his side, and his body feels blistering against his freezing skin. This can't be comfortable for Will, and Hannibal doubts that the man will stay cuddled to his side all night.

Will leans up to kiss Hannibal once before laying his head against the fury, freezing chest. "Goodnight Will." The vampire speaks, and Will wishes he didn't. He doesn't respond to Hannibal's words, and closes his eyes to pass the time.

By accident, Will wakes up a few hours later. The dawn is peaking, and Will hopes his plan will still work. He lifts his head slowly, trying his best to be absolutely silent.

The vampire sleeps.

Will has to be quick, peeling his body off of the monster's silently. He curses his squeaky bed frame, but it doesn't seem to disturb the sleeping beast. Will creeps across his room quietly, finding his vampire kit in the dim morning light resting on the floor exactly where it had been forgotten the night before.

He unlatches the case, and he doesn't even have to look to find the wooden stake hidden inside, he knows this case like the back of his hand. He keeps his eyes glued to the sleeping

form in his bed, pleased that the vampire seems to have forgotten how to use his keen instincts in his unguarded sleep.

Will returns to Hannibal's side, looming over him. He straddles the monster with his trusty stake in hand. The beast stirs at the pressure on his lap.

Will is almost sad when he leans down, pressing a sweet kiss to the awakening vampire's lips. Hannibal blinks open his eyes just in time to see Will sit back up, and use all his bodily force to drive the wooden stake straight through his heart.

What a cruel life.

Hannibal smiles up at Will, the little blood in his body soaking through to the sheets as he bleeds. Will feels tears gather in his eyes as he watches the crimson liquid leak from the monster. His dying smile will forever be burned into the back of Will's eyelids. He will see it every time he sleeps, every time he blinks.

"Just as God intended." Hannibal reaches up to cradle Will's face, and the tears fall. They're heavy, and Will finds himself regretting everything that has brought him to this moment. He should've thought this through.

He processes Hannibal's words once the monster's body goes limp, his heart stopping only seven seconds after being impaled. Hannibal had told him that murder and sex were the two things Will was capable of.

And Hannibal gave him both.

Will pulls the stake from the dead vampire, clutching it in his hands as he shakes. He turns the stake towards himself. With trembling hands, he considers doing it. He considers joining Hannibal in the afterlife, driving the stake through his own body like he had so many others.

None of those murders had affected him like Hannibal's had.

He throws the stake aside, taking away the temptation of doing yet another stupid thing. He shouldn't have killed Hannibal.

He clings onto his cold, dead body, now impossibly colder than before. He presses his head to Hannibal's chest, uselessly praying to hear a heartbeat. But there's a hole in his heart now, it will never beat again.

Will feels his own heart weaken. He feels like he's just killed the only being that could've ever understood him. He feels like his soul has been torn, and half of it ran away with this dead vampire laying in his arms. Hannibal understood his madness.

God, he understood… and he fucking killed him.

Fuck.

End Notes

Please leave me a kudos and a comment to let me know if you liked it!!!

I expect I'll be paying for some therapy. Whoops.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!